

concerning predestination and justification. The spirit of Western enlightenment has turned its lantern upon them, and they have disappeared, or are disappearing like phantoms and shadows, and the day-spring from on high has arisen in our hearts. — *Boston Advertiser*.

It is, indeed, the climax of faith, and implies the highest attainment in grace, to be able always cheerfully to acquiesce in the will of God, and say, even when the divine dispensations seem dark and painful, "Thy will be done." Yet it is manifestly to our interest, as well as our duty, to do this in the most trying circumstances of our lives. We can have little or no divine consolation, if we do not say, "Thy will be done." We bow with humble resignation to the will of God. — *Western Christian Advocate*.



BY REV. CHAS. N. SINNETT.

Men and women in the society of dear friends often say with Peter, "It is good for us to be here with these." Does not the Master often hear the petition — oh, how earnest it is, sometimes! — "Lord, let us stay together always!" He does hear; and hearing, He puts out a hand that is, through all, kind and loving, and takes from us the dear ones who seemed to us as visitants from heaven, so pure, true, and loving were

BY REV. D. NASH.

The path of duty and safety is in going on to higher perfection. That the soul may be thus kept in motion towards a higher and yet higher standard of Christian perfection, let us consider three things: 1. How comparatively low that perfection is which we have attained. Admitting that the heart is clean, that all sin, all enmity to God and man is gone; yet lift the eyes upward, see the hills above you. It is true that you may have attained an eminence, but that eminence is only a little hillock at the foot of the vast holy mountain. What is a mole-hill to Mont Blanc? How ridiculous to stand on a summit of four inches in the sublime presence of the highest Alps, towering miles upward, and there boast of ascending attainments! Is the heart clean? It must be filled, now enlarged and filled again and again, en-

BY REV. D. D. TAPPAN.

After all, is there any better way to approximate towards Christian symmetry, than to place the character of the blessed Saviour, before us, and steadily aim to conform our lives to His example in all fitting respects? "Beholding," thus, "as in a glass the glory of the Lord," we may hope through grace to be changed into the same image. All unaided efforts of nature for this must needs be ineffectual. It is only by "looking unto

BY MRS. E. W. TRUE.

turned to the heavens. Then seeing Him bodily, with their own bodily eyes, did not do as much for them, to change their aspirations and make them invulnerable to foes, as did the power of His invisible presence.

Here we are reminded of the words of Socrates to his friends: "You may bury me if you can catch me." He is the most frequently referred to of those considered to be illuminated from above before Christ came. But is there less evidence of others? Objectors to the divine inspiration of St. John in his view of the Logos as having wrought in the work of creation, consider that he learned this view of Plato and Philo, and that therefore it was of human origin. I cannot see why it should not

**DELANO PERRY, Secretary.**

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**CORRESPONDENCE.**

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South of Winged. The first leader in Monson was the late Horace Moulton. In fact, the society was practically begun with him, then it is incidentally in the Monson Academy, in 1825. It is interesting to consider how many prescholars have been raised up and furnished for the ministry. The small society like this at Monson. Besides the late Horace Moulton and Selah Stocking, who went from Monson to Wilbraham to fit himself for the ministry, may be mentioned Rev. J. W. Dinsmore, who went to Andover and the third leader of the Monson class, Rev. Wm. A. Braman, now and for many years a member of the New England Conference, at one time also a Monson class leader; Rev. J. W. Dinsmore, for so many years a member of the New England Conference, and still doing good service for the Master's cause; King D. Nettleton, a local preacher; and Francis Ward, one of the most promising young men in the ministry or any other Church ever gave to the ministry.

Benvenuto moves us to assure him that

... of the sea, song by ...

teaching of unmis-  
by miracles of un-



precious, there is nothing in it to forbid his taking it back.

B. P. D.  
on & Co. issue, in the form of a printed duodecimo of 370 pp., the REV. PHILLIPS BROOKS, Unitarian Church, Boston. Price \$1.00 in Boston by Lockwood, the wonderful acquisition of the Unitarian Church, Boston. The rapid progress of thought, earnestness, and manifest spiritual power, are evident in the striking firm, his resistance is hurried utterance, his immaturity will be constantly with the Unitarian Church, Boston. The rapid progress of thought, earnestness, and manifest spiritual power, are evident in the striking firm, his resistance is hurried utterance, his immaturity will be constantly with the Unitarian Church, Boston.

Esays, by William G. T. New York: Charles Scribner, 365 pp., price \$2.50. For by H. A. Young & Co. One interesting of the essays of this collection of monographs, in the field of philosophy and moral science, in which the writer intellectual and moral tone of our community. It is whole to pursue the stern, positive of a modern writer presented in the form of a polished style, but which would not fail of final recognition at the hands of the Unitarian Church, Boston. The rapid progress of thought, earnestness, and manifest spiritual power, are evident in the striking firm, his resistance is hurried utterance, his immaturity will be constantly with the Unitarian Church, Boston.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter. Lesson II.

October 12. Luke 14: 15-24.

BY REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

DATE: A. D. 20 or 30.

CONTENTS: Tiberias, Caesar, emperor of Rome; Pontius Pilate, procurator of Judaea; Herod Antipas, tetrarch of Galilee.

INTRODUCTION: An invitation to dine with a leading Pharisee on Sabbath during His Purse ministry—an attention which our Lord usually accepted, though He must have been aware that the motive in inviting Him was rarely generous and very often malicious—gave Him the opportunity of healing a man afflicted with the dropsy and offering some very wholesome instruction on the subjects of Sabbath proprieties, the rule of precedence for guests at a banquet, and the true principles of hospitality. He reminded His host that there was a species of hospitality more commendable than the social interchange of banquets among friends who could afford to pay for their entertainment by giving feasts in return—a hospitality which contemplated the poor, and helpless, and unfriended; which spread the festive board for those who, because of poverty, could not repay; but which would not fail of final recognition at the resurrection of the just. One of the guests present ventured, at this point, an ejaculation, which sounds sympathetic and pious, but which, from the covert rebuke contained in the parable which followed, is capable of a less complimentary interpretation. He evidently expected to be numbered among the blessed ones ("that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God.") The Saviour's reply to him might be summed up as follows: Why call him blessed that shall feast in the heavenly kingdom, when you and these about you, though invited, refuse to come?

## THE GOSPEL FEAST.

## I. Invitations.

The imagery employed in the parable of the Great Supper is so simple and suggestive as scarcely to need a paraphrase. We can almost see the costly preparations, the tables laden with the choicest viands, the couches arranged for the guests to recline, the busy servants, and the beaming, benevolent face of the host as he walks about and surveys it. No expense has been spared, and nothing is wanting. Invitations have been sent out; and a second notification sent by messenger, in accordance with Eastern custom, to inform each guest that all things are ready. Back of all this symbolism, we catch the truth which the Saviour endeavored to teach, of the rich provisions of grace proffered to the Jewish nation, particularly in His own day, and the invitations conveyed to the hierarchy—to the chief priests, rulers, and elders, and scribes—by evangelists and apostles, by His great forerunner and by Himself, announcing that the feast was spread, and the fullness of time had come. Never until now in Jewish history could it be truly said, "All things are now ready."

One of them—Much has been said before this remark; see preceding verses. The speaker was probably a rich Jew. *Entreat*—he royally entertained the guests at the table (2 Sam. 9: 7-10). *Kingdom of God*—He thought its inauguration belonged to the future; Jesus taught him in this parable that it had already come. *Certain men*—the Saviour. *Great supper*—the kingdom of God, the feast of fat things in Isaiah 25: 6, the whole history of man's redemption. The whole series is admirable and family friendly.

Riches of the Saviour also publish a story of music, from the present time, by H. G. B. Mus., Christian Church, Oxford, revised. 10mo, price \$1.00. It is accompanied with an excellent little conservatory and advanced.

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Jesus of Nazareth was their expected and anointed king, and yet they had all, "with one consent, begun to make excuse" when His message reached them, and held themselves aloof and preoccupied with their own worldly and selfish interests.

One consent—literally "of one," i. e., as one man, or, as Trench says, "out of one mind or spirit." Whedon remarks, "Scarcely a single individual of the hierarchy accepted the invitation of the Gospel." *Woe is gone and see it*—"Strange time to go and see ground, just at supper time! On the face of it it was a downright lie. He did not want to go to the feast, and so he manufactured this excuse to ease his conscience. This is what people make excuses for. The devil gets men into that cradle, and rocks them to sleep in it." "Stranger time to go and see ground, just at supper time! On the face of it it was a downright lie. He did not want to go to the feast, and so he manufactured this excuse to ease his conscience. This is what people make excuses for. The devil gets men into that cradle, and rocks them to sleep in it."

III. Guests from the Lowly. Not one of the invited had come. The banquet was spread, the hall lighted, and the host was waiting; but none came save the messenger, bearing a batch of frivolous and insulting excuses. In great indignation the master again despatched him, not to plead with those who had disdained his courtesy, for their invitations were sternly and irrevocably cancelled—not one of them even by subsequent repentance should be permitted to taste of his supper—but to a different class of guests, more lowly, but perhaps more worthy. The streets and lanes of an Eastern city swarmed with specimens of every sort of physical disability—"the maimed, the halt, the blind"—who lived by charity, and knew the bitterness of lifelong poverty. These were hastily collected, and conducted in their rags to the rich man's door, and to the unwonted splendor and abundance of a magnificent feast. "And yet there was room." Again the messenger was sent forth, with more peremptory orders, to scour the highways and explore the hedges, and compel all to come just as they were, no matter how they looked, that the house might be filled. And, in like manner, when the Gospel was rejected by the religious chiefs of the Jewish nation, evangelists were sent to gather in the spiritually needy and poor—"the people who knew not the law," and were therefore regarded as accursed by the publicans and Pharisees, the despised and outcast, even the outside Gentiles, who, though they felt themselves unworthy, were "compelled" by their own inward hunger and the gentle suasion of loving invitations, to come to the Gospel feast.

Angry—that judicial, righteous wrath which the Lord is often represented to feel towards those who wilfully reject His love, and the invitation of His grace, was kindled in the Saviour's heart as He saw the Jews, who had been invited to the feast, and who had refused to come, and who were now being gathered in from the highways and hedges. "The people who knew not the law," and were therefore regarded as accursed by the publicans and Pharisees, the despised and outcast, even the outside Gentiles, who, though they felt themselves unworthy, were "compelled" by their own inward hunger and the gentle suasion of loving invitations, to come to the Gospel feast.

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Illustrative Truths and Incidents. 1. Not very strictly among the common people, nor in cities where western manners have greatly modified the oriental, but in Lebanon this custom still prevails. If a sheikh beg, or emeer invite, he always sends a servant to call you at the proper time. This servant often repeats the very formula mentioned in Luke 14: 17: *Uddufna, el'asha kadeer*—"Come, for the supper is ready" (Thomson).

2. The excuses which are mentioned are such as plainly indicated, on the part of those who made them, a slighting both of the entertainment and of him who had prepared it. Real friends would never make such excuses. The excuses were a mere pretense, to cover up the dislike which the person felt; and thus they manifested a spirit worthy to be frowned upon. The temper of these self-excusers is threefold; the excuses themselves are threefold; their spirit is one. The first alleges a necessity; he must go and see his land; the second not so much as this, only his own plan and purpose—"I go to prove them;" the third not so much as either of these, but rudely asserts, "I cannot" (i. e., I will not) come. Also the excuses themselves are threefold: The first has his worldly possessions, the second his purchase of stock to prove, the third his home engagements. All are detained by worldlyness, in however varied forms (Alford).

3. He told them a parable to show that "to eat bread in the kingdom of heaven" who felt so very sure of doing it would not be willing to accept. He told them a parable to show that "to eat bread in the kingdom of heaven" who felt so very sure of doing it would not be willing to accept. He told them a parable to show that "to eat bread in the kingdom of heaven" who felt so very sure of doing it would not be willing to accept.

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when that was done, and there still was room, he sent them to urge in even the houseless wanderers by the hedges and the roads. The application to all present was obvious. The worldly heart—whether absorbed in the management of property, or the mere sensualism of contented comfort—was incompatible with any desire for the true banquet of the kingdom of heaven. . . . It was the lesson which He so often pointed: To be invited is one thing; to accept is another. Many are called, but few are chosen. "Many," as the heathen proverb said, "bear the nether; few feel the inspiring god" (Farrar).

## QUESTIONS FOR YOUNG THINKERS.

[For scholars between the ages of 13 and 18.]

1. Tell what led to the utterance of this parable. What important lessons had Jesus already taught at this dinner?
2. Who was the master, what the feast, and who were first invited?
3. In what sense could it be said, "All things are now ready?"
4. What various excuses were given, and what was their real spirit and meaning? What did these excuses typify?
5. Who were next invited, and with what result? How was the room "filled" at last?
6. What lessons may be derived from this parable as applicable to ourselves?

## WILLIAM TAYLOR AT THE MISSIONARY MEETING IN MONTREAL.

Rev. William Taylor, of India, was introduced as a missionary to all lands. He began his address by comparing the foreign missionary work to a railroad requiring a good deal of grading, track-laying, etc., before they could run the trains. So "every valley shall be exalted and every mountain shall be brought low, the crooked places shall be made straight and the rough places smooth, and a highway shall be prepared." So there were a great many obstacles to be overcome in this work. They had had to pass the Rocky Mountains to get to British Columbia; they had had to cross the ocean to get over great chasms, such as conquering many various languages, etc., to reach various nations. They had done this work, and as an illustration of what success had attended the work, he said that he was asked a short time ago, by a gentleman, what his address was, and he replied, "I am living on the globe just now, I don't know where I shall leave." (Laughter.) However, he belonged to the South India Conference, of which he was the founder, so that was his home. They had there twenty-three different languages, some of them requiring a long time to learn. He related an incident of a gentleman who had been studying one of these languages for a good many years, who made a slight mistake, by which he made the beautiful text, "In my Father's house are many mansions," to read, "In my Father's house is much better."

It required thirty or forty years to master one of these languages. However, one man spent his life-time at this great work and died in the struggle; another took up his work and spent his life-time at it and died in the struggle, but the work has gone on until now the Bible has been translated into two hundred different languages. A vast preparatory work! And yet it is all preparatory work. God had entrusted to him a very large circuit. It was like a "belt line," helping all the others. A while ago he spent some time at a mission in Africa. He dropped into the church of one missionary, and found there two native kings and their counselors, two missionaries and their converts. He learned that day to speak effectively through an interpreter, which he had not been able to do before, and said the speaker, "I did some good work. It was just loading and firing; and I loaded and fired, and loaded and fired, and brought game every time." He helped them to get the train on the track, and to set it running. The same missionary who had during the year reported as a great work two Caffirs converted, now reported one hundred converted at two services! Then I left, but he pushed on, and in four months reported four hundred Caffirs converted. Forty years of preparatory work for this great success!

Among the converts was a dumb man, whose conversion the speaker graphically described. He was baptized and named William Taylor—(applause)—the speaker didn't know why, for he was not dumb—never had a namesake before that distinguished himself—(laughter)—but this one did. Three months after his conversion he asked for a license to preach. They gave him a copy of the New Testament; he pressed it to his breast and ran away—they didn't know where, but soon found out. By his perfect knowledge of the abominations of his fellow-countrymen, by his power of pantomime and his sniveling, he had great success in working among them.

The reverend gentleman continued to say that in the "circuit" to which he had been appointed, it would require ten times more money and ten times more missionaries, as they now had, to do the work they had undertaken. He had three statements to make, the first two of which he would leave for the audience to elaborate for themselves. First, the English colonization system, whatever the motives and methods, is a part of a great providential programme for the extension of a universal system of Christianity throughout the world. Second, the English language is the heaven-ordained medium through which to flood the nations with God's

light. His third statement was that the currents of English commerce deposit along the coasts of heathen countries a vast amount of men and money. Large numbers of these men settling down in these countries marry native women, bring up families and constitute indigenous societies. They naturally become assimilated to the natives around them, and gravitate into the systems and customs of the heathen, and are the greatest obstruction to our missionary work. Missionaries have been unable to make progress in these coast places, but where their work has been pushed into the interior they have met with great success. But this required money. He then concluded by showing the needs in his field for more missionaries, and money to support the work, and referring to the great personal sacrifices he had made in carrying it out, sending missionaries until his means were exhausted, paying his own expenses, and working for nothing.—*Christian Guardian*.

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## Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHOLESALE PRICES.

Oct. 1, 1878.

Flour—Superfine, \$5.00 @ 5.25; extra, \$4.25 @ 4.50; Michigan, \$3.50 @ 3.75; Louisiana, \$3.50 @ 3.75; Southern, \$3.50 @ 3.75; Corn Meal—\$2.00 @ 2.25; Oat Meal—\$1.75 @ 2.00; Beans—Mixed and Yellow, \$1.00 @ 1.25; Oats—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Rice—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Sugar—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Coffee—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Tea—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Spices—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Fats—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Lard—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Butter—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Eggs—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Hides—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Wool—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Tallow—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Soap—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Candles—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Paper—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Ink—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Stationery—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Books—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Maps—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Globes—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Toys—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Games—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Amusement—\$1.00 @ 1.25; Miscellaneous—\$1.00 @ 1.25.

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# ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1878.

Already our call upon the friends of Zion's Herald is meeting with responses. Many names of members of the Churches not now subscribers to the paper have been forwarded, to whom we are now sending specimen copies. We heartily invite such to test our quality for the year and a quarter upon the generous terms offered by the publisher. We trust, after a short acquaintance, our weekly appearance will be welcomed like a prized visit from an intelligent and entertaining friend. For forty or fifty years the paper has been a constant guest in the homes of some of our patrons. Many love its familiar title and face, as associated with their childhood and the memory of beloved and departed parents. The sheet goes into hundreds of families now connected with other denominations—ministers and members—whose home relatives were Methodists, and who have the instincts of the blood still in their veins. We trust all our ministers will all act as promptly as some have, and give the new patrons the advantage of all the consideration granted by the publisher. Let us, just at this hour, when nothing more important is before us, give our New England organ a vigorous and persistent canvass. We shall report at length the very interesting missionary meetings that are to be held in Lynn, Worcester, Providence, etc., and wish every Church member to read the stirring speeches from our ablest men which will be called out on these occasions.

It was reported, some years since, when Tweed was in the full tide of his amazing power, and brazen impudence seemed to have given impunity to the most startling crimes, that he said he had little fear of the criticisms of the ordinary newspapers, but he was indignant and mad at Nas's terrible caricatures in *Harper's Weekly*. His reason was that the great body of his constituents could not read the newspapers, but they could the pictures, and their eyes might be opened in this way. Few of the tens of thousands now banding themselves together in clubs in various parts of the country to secure a social and political revolution, read any of the clear, considerate answers, found in many of our papers, to the unwise and immoral doctrines and plans propagated by reckless socialistic leaders; but they can read, and are, inflamed by the vile and malicious pictorial sheets which are scattered all over the country, and hung up in conspicuous places. We have seen one of these, appealing to every selfish and ignoble appetite, wickedly picturing falsehoods in reference to the government and men of wealth, and encouraging violence and robbery. Tracts and pictorial sheets, as well as the intelligent press, the public platform, and the sacred desk, must be freely used at this hour to counteract the baleful influence of such publications.

Rev. E. D. G. Prime, D. D., one of the editors of the *New York Observer*, gives a most interesting account of what he saw of the usefulness and success of the foreign missionary work in his late voyage around the world. He says: "After having embraced every opportunity for becoming acquainted with the Christian laborers from every land and their work, I returned with a higher estimate than I ever had before of the ability, learning, and devotion of the missionaries as a class and as a whole; with an enlarged view of what has already been accomplished, and with a profounder conviction that through this instrumentality, or that which shall immediately grow out of it, the kingdom of our Lord and Saviour is to be established in the whole earth more speedily than the weak faith of the Church has dared even to hope. Within about a year it was my privilege to take by the hand nearly every Protestant missionary in Japan, a large number of those in China, India, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and some of the islands of the sea. I enjoyed the greatest freedom of intercourse with them in their distant homes, and saw them in all of the departments of their labor; and I can truly say that I have never mingled with any class of men who have more entirely won my respect and esteem for their own and their works' sake. The Church of Christ has not anywhere a class of laborers who are more zealously, faithfully, or successfully carrying on its work. The suc-

cess of Christian missions, nothing but ignorance or prejudice could call in question. There is now scarcely any considerable portion of the earth in which the foundation has not been laid for the complete success of the Gospel. Not even in the early centuries of the Church were the triumphs of Christianity more wonderful than they have been in connection with modern missions."

It is not all a blissful quiet and an uninterrupted permanency of ecclesiastical relations in Churches that rejoice in a "permanent" ministry, and look with either pity or contempt upon a well-established and orderly-operating itinerancy. And ministers who sigh, even in this life, for an untroubled and lasting paradise, often find, to their dismay, an itinerancy without its blessings in place of a frictionless system of regular exchanges, when they pass into other ecclesiastical bodies. A writer in the *Examiner* of September 26, in an article in which he very graphically describes the influence of one or two persistent, willful men in breaking up pastoral relations in Churches and destroying the influence of able and useful men, relates these facts:—

"While I write, my mind rests upon a Church, whose last eight years' history is briefly as follows: Three pastors, all excellent men, and men of God. Each one has resigned, early, gracefully, cheerfully—because he was obliged to, in order that one, or at the most two men might be pleased. The Church of about two hundred members has maintained its visibility; fruits of labor measure; number of baptisms about the same as the number of deaths. I know not how it is in cities; but in the country such instances are not rare. There are hundreds of them. And has God given us no remedy for this evil? Is there no way to avoid this vast waste of time, talents, brains and heart-sweat?"

Yes, thank God! there is a way to avoid all this; it is by having a well-regulated itinerancy!

The enemies of revealed religion who call themselves a "Liberal League," are very sensitive at the nomination of any pronounced Christian man as candidate for the presidential chair, but in their call for a second Congress, to be held at Syracuse, the last of next month, among other subjects of consideration is the question of nominating candidates for president and vice-president! Is not an infidel as sectarian as a Presbyterian? There are sects, singularly enough, even among our infidel fellow-citizens. One division of them, with its organ, goes in vehemently for the abrogation of all laws relating to the circulation of obscene literature through the national mails, while Mr. Francis E. Abbot, of the *Index*, and his party, stand up bravely for the right of Congress and the State to pass and enforce laws relating to the suppression of obscene literature and its exclusion from the mails. But even this latter sect demands that obscenity shall be so defined that no one can be prosecuted or punished for the expression of his honest opinions on any subject! We should like to see Mr. Abbot's definition of obscenity, thus guarded.

Our mixed moral state is the best test of virtue. Evil unmixed with good could hardly tempt a sinner; men would be repelled by its very ugliness. But when wrong comes to us under the guise of right, or in close association with much that is commendable and lovely, we are in danger of taking the evil in order to secure the good. The worst case that finds defenders is not pure diabolism; it presents some attractive features. Offered in the name of the right, the pure, or the divine, we are liable to accept the entire compound—to swallow the poison in the agreeable position. Rationalism, like Satan in paradise, points us to the tree of knowledge; the priestly despotism of Rome takes the guise of religion and inspiration; but we are not to forget that an evil element that controls the whole is concealed in both. The good is simply a bait, not an antidote to the evil. The destruction is there; the appearance of better things only covers and conceals the fatal poison.

## THE LACK OF SACRIFICE.

The first article in the October number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, published anonymously, upon "Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life," has, naturally enough, attracted much attention, especially the portions of it relating to the spiritual condition of the evangelical Protestant denominations. The writer confines himself to one side of American life, and that the most depressing. He touches up his pictures with the deepest colors. He scarcely alludes to any redeeming qualities, but more than intimates that all the vivifying forces which have brought the Church to its present condition have exhausted themselves in the work accomplished, and nothing but the monuments of the efficient work of their predecessors remain to cover and rebuke the helpless impotence of the present generation of Christians.

No fault can be found with the temper, the candor, the sincerity and apparent honest conviction of the article. The surface facts referred to cannot be questioned, and the peril of the present condition of things ought not to be overlooked. Some manifest change must occur to enable the Church to accomplish its predicted mission upon the earth. But the objection to the article is, so far as it relates to the Churches, is the discouraged and almost despairing tone of the writer, his purely pessimistic view, even of the present aspect of the evangelical Churches, taken as a whole, in the country as well as in the city, and the utter forgetfulness of the Divine element in the body, and the suddenness, broadness and effectualness, of a fresh infusion on high. We should never overlook the amazing

latent forces of Christianity, as illustrated in the great Reformation of the eighteenth century, in connection with the labors of the Wesleys and Whitefield, and in the "great awakening" under Edwards and Tennent in this country, or the far more unpromising condition of the Protestant portion of the Christian Church just before these wonderful outpourings of the divine Spirit occurred. Have we so readily forgotten the remarkable events that happened in 1858, in Great Britain and in the United States? Almost in a day New York was fairly aroused in the whirl of its business; some of its theatres were opened to preaching, and some of its most abandoned prodigals, as well as men and women in the highest social circles, became active Christians. In this remarkable movement, which prevailed throughout the land, noonday and union business men's prayer-meetings were born into the activities of the Christian Church, and the Young Men's Christian Association were established. The full force of that wave of heavenly influence is not, by any means, yet expended.

It is true that just now our revival occasions seem to be limited both in their time of continuance, and in their immediate results. It is certainly correct, as intimated by the writer in the *Atlantic*, that while many individuals were snatched from temptation, and many more induced to unite with the Church, the special and sensational influence of the Moody meetings soon passed away. The city was not profoundly stirred by the work; the wheels of business and pleasure kept rolling on, and the Churches themselves very soon settled back into their ordinary routine. We have always felt that something besides has been wanting, and is the special need of the hour, and that is, a fresh and powerful infusion in the Church of the divine element—a new reformation, a heavenly baptism, which alone can raise the Church, her ministry and membership, out of the ruts into which she has sunk, and send her forth with a new dispensation of the Gospel for the world's redemption.

Although the picture in the *Atlantic* seems somewhat too much shaded in its presentation of the existing condition of the Orthodox (as distinguished from the Liberal, so-called) Church, it must be admitted that we have to look to individual Churches to find the exceptions to his vivid portraiture. There is very little to be seen now, in pulpits or pews, as a general rule, that bear to be called sacrifice, or even great earnestness, in the establishment of Christ's kingdom upon the earth. The work of preaching, in a considerable measure, is simply meeting the appointed engagements of public service, somewhat mechanically performed, and with little reference to any pronounced endeavor to save the unconverted and periled men in the community. There is an apparent natural, human shrinking from any pecuniary or physical inconvenience, and a great lack of heavenly enthusiasm in the mighty mission that brought a Saviour from the skies and made a cross the throne of His triumph. It cannot be disguised that the Christian life is becoming an exceedingly easy yoke, and a hardly perceptible burden. The public service must be made in every way attractive in order to secure the presence of even professed Christians. The social services are neglected without compunction. Business is followed with an eagerness that shows its supremacy in the affections and activities of life. Money is the only talent that is consecrated, and this not to the point of sacrifice.

Now the world very evidently will not be converted in such a condition of things. The Church has little aggressive power and makes but a faint impression upon surrounding society, and even fails to save its members, old and young, in the jaws of temptation. Temporary revivals are only administrations to the symptoms, and a form of quack remedies. What is wanted is the divine effluvia! The hour has come for the people of God to call mightily unto Him, bringing all their tithes into the store-house. The only cure for backsliding, worldliness, avarice, spiritual indolence and helplessness, is power from on high. The case is beyond simple remedies. A heroic medicine only will meet the emergency. Man's extremity is God's opportunity, and such a despairing diagnosis, as that of the observer in the *Atlantic*, is, after all, a wholesome sign. If we have reached the uttermost of our present spiritual force, it is certainly time for the Lord to arise and to make bare His arm. For this, as in every age of the Church, we may prayerfully and hopefully look.

## ABOUT CURRENCY.

Much has been said of late years about the evils of a depreciated currency, and much will continue to be said as long as there continues to be agitation in favor of compelling the people to take in satisfaction of debts anything which is worth less than its face in the recognized standard of value. A depreciated currency is a currency fallen in value below the standard. Some standard is essential in all business transactions. It is fundamentally necessary, and not only in business transactions, but in all consideration of subjects involving weight, or dimension, or value. Without it we can make no comparisons, and are at once involved in confusion.

There are different standards in use in different nations, but when people using different standards transact busi-

ness together, the standards have to be in some way reconciled. There is a measure of length called the ell. The English ell is 45 inches, the Flemish ell is 27 inches, the Scotch ell is 37 1/2 inches, and the French ell is 54 inches. When anybody buys and sells goods by the ell, he would be pretty careful to know what ell was employed. English countries have a measure called the yard. A yard is three feet. The length which we call a foot is supposed to have been originally the length of some body's foot; but if every man measured by the length of his own foot, there would be little uniformity. A person who bought cloth of a man having long feet, and sold it by his own shorter feet, might find his advantage; but it would not work so well for him if the conditions were reversed. To secure fairness to all, a foot must be some certain, fixed, unchanging length. There must be a uniform standard to be recognized and used by all.

The same conditions hold with regard to measures, dry or liquid, and weights; the world has adopted standards. Somewhere in every civilized country there is a standard which is the last and final test for all the measures of the same kind. These standards are made and preserved with the utmost care. We have all heard of sealed weights and measures. The seal is an official stamp, on a weight or measure, certifying that it has been compared with the standard established by the government, and found to be true. There are heavy penalties in all countries against the use of false weights and measures. By means of false weights and measures, swindling is made easy and profitable. It is of the utmost consequence to every citizen that the standard of weights and measures be rigidly adhered to; that a pound avoirdupois shall be a pound of sixteen ounces; that the acre of land he buys or sells shall contain the full number of full square feet; that the yardstick of the dealer in cloth shall be a good yard long, no more and no less. If it is more, the seller is defrauded; if it is less, the buyer is defrauded.

All this has something to do with the question of the currency which we use as money. The unit and standard of our currency is the dollar. Now what is a dollar in the United States of America? It is the value of a certain fixed weight of gold or silver. A piece of gold nine-tenths fine, that is, nine parts pure gold, weighing 25 8/10 grains, is a dollar. Five dollars is five times that weight of gold of the same fineness. A certain weight of silver, 412 1/2 grains, nine-tenths fine, also constitutes a dollar. At the time these weights were originally fixed, the weight of silver was the equivalent in value of the weight of gold; but silver has since depreciated, and now, as a matter of fact, the given weight of silver is not equivalent to the given weight of gold. The silver dollar is really worth less than the gold dollar. Take the two to a foreign country, where our laws do not compel the people to accept them for their stamped value, and offer them for sale as silver and gold, and it would be discovered that the gold dollar was the more valuable. They ought to be equal in value, and herein lies the wrong of what is called the silver bill, passed last winter, compelling the people of this country to receive silver dollars of 412 1/2 grains weight as of equal value with gold dollars of 25 8/10 grains' weight, in the payment of debts.

The Government has established mints to coin money. These mints take of gold or silver the quantity which the law says shall be a dollar, and stamp it with various devices and the words "one dollar." Take notice that this is not a promise to pay a dollar, but it is a dollar. It contains a dollar's worth of gold or silver, as the case may be. It is not a title to so much gold or so much silver. It is the thing itself, the very gold or silver. When you have it, you are not dependent on anybody's good faith to get it; you have got it. Banks may break, war may be declared, the nation may be destroyed, that gold in your hand is unaffected by any of these things. It needs not to be redeemed. You may hammer it until not a letter or a mint mark of any kind is discernible; you may mould it into a ring, or beat it into gold leaf; there are still so many grains of gold of a certain fineness which has its stable value as gold in every country and nation under the sun. It is a valuable possession; it is property; it is hard money; it will be worth as much to-morrow as it was worth yesterday. It is as really and intrinsically valuable as wheat, or cloth, or land, and so much more constant in its value than anything else, that the value of all other property, the world over, is measured in gold at last. It is a currency that does not depreciate.

There are two other kinds of currency, one of which we have had, and the other certain persons want us to try, which are quite different from coin. For some fifteen years, now, we have had in use as currency government notes. What is a government note? It is like an individual's note, in all essentials. It is a written or printed promise to pay money. An individual's promise is signed by the man who makes it. The government's note is signed by the treasurer of the United States, acting by authority. One of these government notes now lying before us contains this on its face: "The United States will pay to bearer two dollars." (Signed) John C. New, Treasurer. It doesn't say, this piece of thin, crumpled, torn and worn paper is two dollars. That would be absurd. It is not 50 4/10 grains of gold, nor is it 825 grains of silver; it is simply a piece of paper with a promise printed

on it. Nor did it cost so much gold or silver as would make two dollars to produce it, so that it is not intrinsically the equivalent of two dollars; and yet this holder took it in payment of two dollars due him. Why did he do that? Because the law compelled him to do so. When, during the war, the government had not gold, and silver to pay its obligations, a law was passed authorizing the payment of the government's debts by promissory notes which should be taken up and paid—that is, redeemed in real dollars on demand; and it was further enacted that anybody who owed debts might pay them in these notes. In other words, they were made a "legal tender," which, when offered, must be taken for all debts (with two exceptions). This made them currency. They passed from hand to hand in payment of debts because the law compelled the citizen to take them when offered. They were not dollars, but they passed in lieu of dollars. If the United States would pay the bearer real dollars for the notes whenever required, the notes would be a good currency, more convenient than the dollars themselves. But the United States has not been able to do so from the time they were issued until now; and because the United States could not redeem its promise, these notes have never been good for their face in real money, in gold and silver dollars. They have been a depreciated currency, and have passed at a discount. Everybody who had something to sell, knowing he would be compelled to take these notes instead of a note.

This has been the case while the whole amount of these promissory notes out was restricted by law to four hundred million dollars. We have been about fifteen years getting into condition to redeem them. We have nearly reached the time when the nation can redeem its promises, and now a party has arisen which demands an unlimited issue of an immense additional sum, which the nation cannot redeem. If they have their way, no man can conjecture when the notes will be redeemed, nor the depreciation which will result. Worse than this, a party has arisen which favors doing away with gold and silver dollars altogether, and also with promissory notes. This party wants to reduce the value of the dollar from that of 25 8/10 grains of gold to the value of a piece of paper six inches by four in dimension. It would stamp each piece of paper "one dollar," or "one thousand dollars," as the case might be, and force them to be taken in payment of all debts. Unless a piece of paper of such dimensions, on which are printed the words, "one thousand dollars," can be exchanged at will for one thousand coined gold or silver dollars, this proposition is a proposition to swindle every man who has a debt due him. The government might as honorably pass a law canceling all existing debts, and making it a criminal offense to demand their payment.

## Editorial Items.

We believe Plymouth Brethrenism, so called, as a doctrine, is very unwholesome, as held, certainly, and preached by many of its advocates; it is simply and purely Antinomian, and tends manifestly to demoralization and practical immorality. But in addition to this, many of its advocates are prowling around, watching opportunities, under the specious garb of proferring brotherly services, as members of the Y. M. C. A., with lamb-like meekness and gentleness, to draw away the unsuspecting members of regular Churches from their Christian folds, and to unite them in a sort of religious club, in which all are priests and prophets. We have before us a printed bill of charges, issued by twenty members of one of our Eastern Churches, against the Methodist Episcopal Church, from which they had been expelled by one of these religious tramps. The first allegation in the bill, if true, would have been an all-sufficient occasion for the withdrawal, and all besides is simply a work of supererogation. "Being joined to a sect is sin!" They declare and seek to prove by Scripture. There is nothing law or diverse from the position usually taken by the Brethren in the tract referred to. It is evidently a common form prepared to meet such occasions. Our pastors will see the importance of watching over their flocks, lest grievous wolves enter among them, and divide and destroy the fold. No unknown, unauthorized, doubtful laborer, of either sex, should be invited or permitted to hold services in our Churches. With such unwholesome doctrine, and such a bad, though lack of care in this respect, it is a matter of surprise that any minister or people will permit themselves to be so readily beguiled with a smooth-tongued fraud or impostor.

To an outside party it is very curious to observe the zeal of our "liberal" friends in their opposition to orthodox, which they designate by the terrible title of Calvinism. Usually cool, temperate and cautious, they invariably kindle, at their conventions, on touching this explosive subject. To them, orthodoxy seems to be the sum of all iniquities; to deliver men from it is the great salvation. If one may judge from their conduct, they take a more genuine and hearty pleasure in capturing a member from the fold of orthodoxy, than in seeing one from the camp of the devil. The devil's subject comes in, if he comes at all, without demonstration, as though it were a matter of course; the recruit from orthodoxy, with sound of drum and trumpet, and great rejoicing, as though the last step had been found. This would all be proper enough if only the convert were elevated to a higher spiritual plane. How far this is from being the truth, every observer of these movements well knows. Usually the transition is made by those too unspiritual to remain comfortably in a live orthodox Church, or, perchance, some really pious believer gets into their sophistical toils, he is sure to lose his zeal for experimental religion in proportion as he approximates the most liberal side of the sect. Who ever knew one to become more prayerful, spiritual, or devout, by leaving an evangelical Church? We have not seldom known the change to work in the

opposite direction. The once prayerful and spiritual man, in this change of ecclesiastical relations, has turned his activities to curious questions of science and nature, to criticizing the Bible, and to sneering at all experimental religion. Perverts are proverbially extreme. The want of balance that sent them over the other side pushes them to the outer edge.

One of the leading questions to be discussed at the coming meeting, in October, of the National Union of Sept. 25, a letter to secure "the rights of free mails and a free press," and how to redress the wrongs of persons "unjustly punished under the so-called Comstock laws." Shall it demand the "total repeal of the existing law on this subject, and thereby practically protect and foster the circulation of obscene literature?" This is one of the questions as published in Mr. Abbot's *Index* of September 19. The supporters of the League are particularly bitter at Mr. Comstock's course, and at what they consider his immoral mode of obtaining testimony against the foul and lawless enemies to virtue who are engaged actively in the work of depraving and ruining the children. In the *Christian Union* of Sept. 25, a letter of Mr. Comstock to the editors is given, setting forth the character of the discoveries he is continually making, and the very proper reason with which he justifies himself for the form of testimony which he secures in order to bring these human fiends to justice. This letter we append:—

A few weeks ago, I found in one school some fifteen or twenty young girls, daughters of respectable parents, who had most obscene and vile matter in their possession. Now what would decent men have said of my method, judgment, or discretion, if I had forced one or more of those little girls to come out before the public, proclaim her disgrace, and testify against the villain who supplied them with this cursed stuff? For six months these girls, some of them, had had this vile matter in hand, and were teaching their maids. On one block there were four brown stone front houses, and five families in them, and out of four families and three houses I found little girls and boys, teaching matter. Shall I disgrace all these little girls and young ladies and their families, or do as I always do, as above described: go to the party who has the stock on hand and buy, make the complaint myself, and furnish uncorrupted evidence to convict the Jew and save these dear little ones?

There is only one answer to be made to these questions. Every Christian parent will approve his decision and his course, and bid him God-speed in his earnest and courageous crusade against these unqualified foes of virtue and enemies of the race.

The interesting discussion and municipal vote, in the city of New Haven, upon the Bible-in-Public-Schools question, has developed certain significant results. The previous school board voted, a year since, to discontinue entirely with religious services in the public schools. This excited great public interest. Prof. Sumner of Yale College, an Episcopal clergyman and well-known writer upon political economy, led off on the side of the secularists, while President Porter, ex-President Woolsey, Dr. Leonard Bacon and others were as strenuous in favor of the retention of the Bible and the simple forms of opening devotions in the schools. A petition, largely signed, was sent into the board for the reinstatement of the Bible, but the school committee remained firm in their decision. The next appeal was to the people, and the result was that the friends of the "Bible in the public school" voted two to one in its favor, and elected a board representing these views, which has voted to replace the long-accustomed opening exercises with the Bible. What was the most singular incident connected with the matter was the fact that the Catholic priest heralded the religious side of the question, and threw his influence on the side of retaining the Bible. The significant intimations are, first, the readiness with which the people respond, when they have opportunity, for the preservation of our public schools from utter secularization; and second, the fact of this remarkable co-operation of Roman Catholics. It stands a lone instance, so far as we know, and one swallow does not make a summer; but it is, in itself, an interesting and encouraging fact.

Bishop Haven, on his recent visit to Africa, made arrangements for establishing a mission in the interior of Africa. Messrs. Boyard and Osgood were selected as pioneers of the work. On reaching Bopora, their commenced operations, but were repulsed. Mr. Boyard writes: "As soon as it was announced that we were 'God men,' the devil summoned all his forces to defeat us. The people were only anxious for trade, and when they found we had not come for that purpose they became hostile. But Jimmy would not listen to our appeals, but sent forth an edict that we should have nothing to do; that the people should not sell to us anything whatever; or, if they did, they should be 'put in the stocks.' After talking with them, they finally promised, if we would give them so much money, they would sell us. We had no alternative. They informed us that the 'law was done,' and we thanked them. In a few days the king became displeased again and enforced the law. At this point our cook-boy was taken seriously sick with the small-pox, and it was probable that all of us had been exposed to the disease. We sent the boy to a 'half town,' under the care of some trusty natives, and we fled contrary to the king's orders to Bunbunah, a goal town in the kingdom of Farcquaqua." Notwithstanding the difficulties and trials encountered, Mr. Osgood does not despair of success. May we wish these missionaries! Africa must be redeemed.

We have used a number of fountain pens, but never with much satisfaction. It is certainly a great convenience to a minister or an editor to have a pen that will hold ink enough to write, without filling, for a day; but those we have used, have, heretofore, failed to meet their promise on trial. We saw, however, the other day that our New York brother had discovered a prize of this description, and we hastened to test the reality of his high commendation. We are writing this editorial note with one of the Mackinon fountain pens. We write with ink, but the feeling and effect is the same as if we were using a pencil. It operates readily, and makes a distinct and sharp mark on the paper. It holds ink enough to last a week, and can be carried, all in order, in the pocket, ready for immediate use. It is, therefore, infinitely better for reporting than a pencil, which soon loses its point. A sermon or several editorials can be written without an application to the ink. The pen is really filled, and seems to empty itself as easily exposed to getting out of order. We saw the pen in Boston in Mr. S. G. Studley, 23 Congress Square. Our ministers will be pleased to examine our pen and watch its operation.

L. Prang & Co. have now completed the first volume (23 numbers) of their tasteful and valuable work—*The Native Flowers and Fruits of the United States*. There is nothing like it, for completeness, for beauty of execution, for cheapness, and for clearness and fullness of description, published in the country. It is admirably edited by Prof. Thomas Meehan, and is sold for 50 cents a part, each part containing four chromo-litho-

graphic pictures. Copies of this work, which should be in all our schools where drawing and painting, or botany, are taught, can be seen at the Mechanics' Fair in this city, where other illustrated text-books, ornamental cards, fine pictures, and especially illustrations of the grand scenery of the Yellowstone National Park, can be examined. The Messrs. Prang & Co. are turning their artistic improvements to the most useful, as well as aesthetic, purposes.

Hymn 482, "How happy are they," is one of those high-pressure "lyrics" that suit the white heat of a revival, but which John Wesley did not think enough of to put into the Wesleyan Hymn Book of 1780. Coke and Asbury inserted it in the American Pocket Hymn Book, 1788, with the disclaimer of the backslider attached; so did the Bangs' collection of 1829, and so did the Southern Hymn Book of 1869. The Fly collection of 1869 not only omitted two verses, but it took the usual amount of liberty in altering the hymn verbally. Wesley wrote,—

"How happy are they,"  
"O how happy are they,"  
"Tongues cannot express,"—WESLEY.  
"Tongues can never express,"—FLOY.  
"What comfort was mine,"—WESLEY.  
"What sweet comfort was mine,"—FLOY.  
"I first found in the blood of the Lamb,"—WESLEY.  
"I received through the blood of the Lamb,"—FLOY.  
"To redeem such a rebel as me,"—WESLEY.  
"To redeem even rebels like me,"—FLOY.  
"My glad soul mounted higher,"  
is an extemporaneous emendation of the 6th verse not found in any of the books. We cannot see that any of the alterations improve the hymn.

During the past week, our respected brother, Hon. Jacob Sleeper, has been called to bury his excellent wife, Mrs. Maria Davis Sleeper. She has been an invalid for many years, and quite confined, of late, to her home, but she has been the centre and light of an affectionate family. She has been for many years a Christian disciple, exhibiting in the home circle, and in the broader field of social life, in the days of her strength, the spirit and the life of one who has been with Jesus and learned of Him. Many who have enjoyed, in other days, the generous courtesy of her pleasant home, will drop a sincere tear of sympathy with our bereaved friend, as he finds his home lacking the presence of one who has been his cheer for so many years. Earth becomes poor under these losses, but heaven is always made richer to us by the treasures it thus gathers.

We have received, all the way by mail, in good condition, a copy of a fine little volume, compiled by Rev. James Mudge, editor of the *Lockwood Witness*, India, entitled, *Good Stories for the Family Circle and the Leisure Hour*. It makes a 16 mo volume of 400 pages, and is gathered out of four annual volumes of his paper. It shows how faithfully, and with what excellent taste, the editor has labored to supply interesting, as well as useful, material for his readers. The little volume—twelve hundred copies of which had been subscribed for by the Anglo-Indian public—is a very attractive book for young or mature readers, and is especially helpful for ministers and teachers, in providing illustrations of familiar truths. We trust copies will be placed for sale on our market.

In the terrible steamboat explosion which occurred near South Norwalk, Conn., on Saturday, the excellent wife of Rev. W. H. Boole, and her brother-in-law, Mr. Chas. W. Lord, of New Britain, were killed. Mrs. Lord, sister of Mrs. Boole, was, it is supposed, fatally scalded, but still survives. The latter had been but recently married. The company were to spend the day in a pleasure trip to Central Park, New York city. Thousands of friends of Mr. Boole and his wife, all over the country, will heartily sympathize with the bereaved family, and provide what so suddenly bereaves him.

Dr. Humphrey Pickard, of Sackville, N.B., called upon us on his return from the General Conference, to which he was a delegate, at Montreal. He has been once more, after a respite of a term, appointed book agent for the eastern district, at Halifax—a position which he is eminently qualified to fill. The presence of the vigorous and genial Doctor brings freshly back the memories of more than forty years ago, when we were boys together at Wilbraham, and fellow-students also at Wesleyan. Rev. Mr. Curry, the secretary of the General Conference, succeeds Rev. Mr. Nicolson as editor of the *Provincial Wesleyan*. We wish these honored brethren the best success.

We have examined a new edition of the Church Treasurer's Monthly Account Book. There is no more important officer in the official board than its treasurer. No small amount of trouble, confusion, and misunderstanding in Churches occurs through the lack of a clear and satisfactory treasurer's report. This book is arranged so that a man of average intelligence, even if not accustomed to book-keeping, will have no difficulty in preserving his Church accounts from errors, and in being able to tell, at any moment, how much money he has received and paid out, and whence it came, and whether it has gone. The book is published by J. C. Brown, New Bedford, and is for sale by J. P. Magee.

We have received from Mrs. J. T. Gracey a dozen or more little leaflets, prepared by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, suitable for enclosure in a letter, for distribution in the cars, and for general circulation. They are attractively written, and being short, if sent in correspondence, or left upon tables, or placed in the hands of fellow-passengers while traveling, they will be sure to be read. They will awaken an interest in mission work and aid in awakening sympathy, calling out contributions and inspiring prayers. These tracts relate to India; others on Japan and China will follow. They can be obtained at the rooms, 36 Broadfield Street, or of Mrs. Gracey, 62 Cambridge Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

In his response to Gov. Rice's declining to surrender Hiram H. Kington upon his requisition, by the advice of the State Attorney, and for legal reasons indicated in his written opinion, Gov. Hampton declares that he (Gov. Rice) has committed "a flagrant violation of the supreme law of the land;" and as to the grounds upon which the refusal was based, the Southern Governor affirms that it was "unwarranted," and he administers the characteristic *coup de grace*, in his final sentence, by repelling "the unworthy imputation with indignant scorn!" Oh!

Great Britain is beginning to count up the money it has yearly expended in buying the necessities of life—provisions for the poor, and the like—during a year, and a permanent drain upon the nation; but there is no doubt that it might be much less if the best portions of the lands were not kept from agriculture by their owners. The enormous sum of \$800,000,000 was paid by England in 1877. It was mainly for animal food and cereals. The United States has taken, at one bound, the foremost place in the supply.

Our daily papers are a very serious condition. Southern Methodist Church, if it is true. It is a very uncomfortable condition against the late Redford. He is reported to proper authority, \$5,000, which was established \$5,000 of the money. Louisville party in which interested, and who has been written himself, at his own expense, the cash price, books to the establishment at this price, securing for himself a Room. In this way, some of the above statements, especially mild, if not a Christian matter. Having seen the war, the unfortunate Church of peace bringing about its embarrassment.

How low the fences the denominations! You see over them, but without difficulty, and like gutta-serena when they see them! Here is Pauline speaking audibly to the old Grace Church—nounced and positive of liberally asking him, sermons, or digesting to echim, or even expelling into the "substance of brook platform, to compel guilt and preach the truth to their pastor. There us between the two pupils evidently sprung a bridge is possible, at least, to unite our brethren of their Spiritual Orthodox religious community, and a healthy spirit election they have made apprehension of what? Whether this is an "ecumenical" call, remains to be heard yet from the pulpit.

We have received the *tobacco and Genealogical*. It is illustrated with the late National Standard by Charles Carleton Kipper, etc., has an illustration of the Discovery of North America in 1492; the famous Rotch is concluding a valuable genealogical researches, with interesting proceedings, and necrology.

*Little's Living Age*, founded October, 1878, is a most interesting and valuable magazine, standing upon the well-shaded 23 of the fifth series—weekly magazine long enough among all the freshers to read it. To read it, with the best of the best of the day. Published by L. S.

In the month of July to \$37,601,000. In the month of August, the average of the past month, stood upon the well-shaded 23 of the fifth series—weekly magazine long enough among all the freshers to read it. To read it, with the best of the best of the day. Published by L. S.

We hope all our readers of Massachusetts, and a purely spiritual Springfield district. These meetings will be followed with

The publishers of Messrs. H. O. Houghton & Charles Hutchins, Editors of the *Christian Register*



es. Copies of this work, to be in all schools where printing, or botany, are taught, the Mechanics' Fair in the illustrated text-books, or fine pictures, and especially the grand scenery of the Yel-nak Park, can be examined, and Co. are turning their attention to the most useful, as purposes.

How happy are they? In high-pressure "lyrics" that beat of a revival, but which did not think enough of the Wesleyan Hymn Book of 1779, by inserted it in the American Hymn Book, 1788, with the disclaimer, "The book is not a collection of 1789, and so did Hymn Book of 1866. The year of 1869 not only omitted two of the usual amount of the hymn verbally. Wesleyan happy are they?"

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Our daily papers are making merry over a very serious condition of things in the Southern Methodist Book Concern, at Nashville, it is true. It is now \$300,000 in debt, and very uncomfortable-looking charges are made against the late book agent, Dr. A. H. Redford. He is represented as adding, without proper authority, \$2,000 a year to his salary, which was established at \$3,000; to have lent \$5,000 of the money of the Concern to a Louisville party in whom he was personally interested, and who became a bankrupt, and finally as manufacturing several books, which he wrote himself, at the Concern, charging himself the cash price, then charging the books to the establishment at three times this price, securing for himself from the Book Room, in this way, some \$19,000, in addition to his salary. The investigating committee report that Dr. Redford "erred"; which, if the above statements are true, is a remarkably mild, if not a Christianlike, way of putting the matter. Having suffered severely in the war, the unfortunate Concern finds the return of peace bringing with it small alleviations of its embarrassments.

How low the fences have become between the denominations! You can not only readily see over them, but speak across them without difficulty, and they seem to yield like gutta-percha when you attempt to pass them! Here is Phillips' Calvinistic Church speaking audibly to the pastor of the Methodist Grace Church—one of the most prominent and positive of Wesleyans—and deliberately asking him, without burning his sermons, or digesting the Westminster Catechism, or even experiencing a new birth into the "substance of doctrine" of the Sabbath platform, to come over and take their pulpit and preach the Gospel to them as their pastor. There is to be a great gulf between the two pulpits; but somebody has evidently sprung a bridge across, so that it is possible, at least, one way. We congratulate our brethren of South Boston upon their Scriptural Orthodoxy in the choice of a religious teacher. They show excellent sense and a healthy spiritual appetite in the election they have made, or, at least, a lively apprehension of what good preaching is. Whether this is an "effectual" or a "general" call, remains to be seen. We have not heard yet from the pulpit of Temple Street.

We have received the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* for October. It is illustrated by a fine portrait of the late Nathaniel Greene, with a memoir by Charles Carleton Coffin, esq. Frederick Kidder, esq., has an illustrated paper upon the Discovery of North America by John Cabot in 1497; the Autobiography of William Hatch is concluded. There is the usual valuable genealogical tables and researches, with interesting Notes and Queries, proceedings, and necrologies.

*Littell's Living Age* for the last quarter ending October, 1878, bound in its accustomed neat form, has been issued, and will stand upon its well-filled shelf, as volume 25 of the fifth series. This substantial weekly magazine holds its pre-eminence among all the fresher periodicals of the hour. To read it, is to become familiar with the best of the literature of the day. Published by Littell and Gay, Boston.

In the month of July our imports amounted to \$57,061,000. In the same month, 1877, \$40,906,000. The average falling off, for several months past, shows a greater decrease. For the first five months of the calendar year the amount of goods exported amounted to \$83,734,000—more than the corresponding months of 1877; and the amount of goods imported \$47,040,000 less than in the same months last year.

We hope all our readers, in the western portion of Massachusetts, will notice the programmes for a Revival Preachers' Meeting, and a purely spiritual S. S. Convention, on Springfield district. We have no doubt these meetings will draw a full attendance and will be followed with the best results.

The publishers of Boston have elected Messrs. H. O. Houghton, T. W. Bicknell, Charles Hutchins, Edwin F. Waters, W. E. Sheldon, J. Boyle O'Reilly, and Oliver Ditson as delegates to represent their interests at the Postal Congress to be held at New York, October 9th, 1878.

Rev. George E. Reed, of Stamford, formerly of Providence Conference, made us a pleasant call, last Monday. He exchanged, last Sabbath, with Rev. Merritt Hubbard, of St. Paul's, Lowell. Brother Reed's visits to his old friends in eastern New England are always welcome. He is robust in health, and is fast reaching adequate proportions for a Bishop.

It is claimed that the amount of exports from the United States to Australia has doubled since the Centennial; and that during the eight years past, seventy per cent. of the shipments went in American bottoms.

The taste we gave our readers, last week, of Dr. Upham's fraternal address, at Montreal, has awakened an appetite for more. We shall, therefore, publish the whole next week.

Dr. Steele has a full house at his Bible-reading in Sewall St. Chapel, Salem, on Wednesdays, at 3 P. M. His subject is, "The Gospel of the Comforter."

#### NOTES FROM THE CHURCHES.

##### MASSACHUSETTS.

**Boston.**—Through no fault or lack of zeal on the part of Rev. R. S. Watson, the late pastor of the Hanover Street Church, that society has been obliged to vacate the church edifice on Hanover Street, and discharge its pastor. Circumstances over which neither he nor the official board of the Church had control, have necessitated the abandonment of the old spot upon which cluster so many tender and hallowed associations. The noble little band of Christian workers, who for the last five years, in the face of great obstacles and trials, have endeavored to uphold the cause of the Master, and the interests of the denomination at the North End, have suffered a temporary defeat. As oil and water will not mix, so with a variety theatre, a green-back club, and secular pursuits in the same building, the society very wisely came to the conclusion not to continue the struggle at that spot any longer.

While by this move their pastor has, as it were, been thrown out in the cold, yet we trust it will only be for a short time that he will find himself relieved from duty. For we speak for the official board of the old society when we say that if any Church charges wishes to obtain the services of a young man to act as their pastor, they certainly can do no better than to secure the assistance of Brother Watson—a most excellent preacher, full of zeal for the Master's

cause. He leaves the little flock at the North End with their united wishes for his future success.

**Winthrop.**—The ladies of the M. E. Church in this place held a tent fair on the beach from the 5th to the 12th of August. Notwithstanding the fact that that was the week of terrible storms of thunder and lightning, we are happy to say that our net receipts will be somewhat over \$300.

**Malden.**—There has been a full temperance revival in this place, during an entire week, under the efficient labors of Messrs. Booth and Smith. Some 1,500 or 2,000 names have been obtained to the pledge. A full account of their labors in Malden will be found in the *HERALD* of next week. They are now ready for work in this section of the State, and will do good in any place. They can be addressed by directing to Malden, Mass. Call for them before they leave this vicinity.

**Stoughton.**—Sept. 27th was a day of rejoicing with our people at this place. On this evening the whole congregation came to a reception at the parsonage. For some years a double tenement house adjoining the church lot has been hired for a parsonage. A few weeks since the estimable brother who owned the house gave a deed of the place, conditioned on an annuity, to the Church. Now the house has been remodeled, and is as convenient, and even elegant, as any preacher can desire. We have a double parlor with sliding doors, and a dining-room, without which appointments any parsonage is defective. The parlors have been tastefully furnished by the ladies. Our many friends will be glad for the prosperity of this time-honored Church.

**Lunenburg.**—Sunday, Aug. 18th, three probationers on this charge (Rev. L. W. Staples, pastor) were baptized by immersion. Several have recently been hopelessly converted on the old charge. On a recent Sabbath four were received into full membership and one on probation. A deep and general religious interest pervades the community.

**New Bedford.**—A correspondent writes: "We are having good meetings at Allen Street M. E. Church, and Brother Nutter is doing nicely."

##### EAST MAINE.

Three persons were baptized at the quarterly meeting in Machias, Sept. 8.

A good religious interest is enjoyed at Little Deer Isle.

An increasing religious interest is manifested at Nasking Point, in the town of Brookline. A goodly number have presented themselves as seekers of the way of life. The question of building a Methodist church in this town is being prayerfully and earnestly canvassed.

The repairs on the Methodist church in Machias have been completed, and the church was re-opened for religious worship, Sept. 9.

The *Ellsworth American* reports that William E. Spear, of Rockland, has retired from the ministry and entered upon the study of law.

The reform club of Bucksport was greatly interested, Sunday, Sept. 1, by an address from Rev. Dr. Hamlin, returned missionary.

Rev. George A. Crawford, Chaplain in the U. S. Navy, was present, and followed with a few remarks.

Brother Bolton, of Bangor, is much encouraged in his abundant labors. September 22, four new cases were at the altar for prayers.

The religious interest in the two Orrington charges is constantly and strongly increasing. Rev. H. W. Bolton, of Pine Street Methodist Church, Bangor, lectured in Orrington, Sept. 23. Subject, "The three H's that win." It was a finely-written lecture, bristling with sharp points and abounding in wholesome truth and advice. It was also well delivered, the speaker pressing home to the hearer both pointed truth and wholesome advice.

Fifteen persons were baptized and have united with the Methodist Church, on the Harrington and Cherry-bell charges, since the last meeting of the Annual Conference.

Two persons have lately united with the Methodist Church in Ellsworth.

Brother B. C. Blackwood has received thirty-three members into the Methodist Church in Surry during the past three months.

An increasing religious interest is manifested in some parts of the Bucksport Center charge.

##### RHODE ISLAND.

Providence has given over \$20,000 to the yellow-fever sufferers—Chestnut Street Church making the generous contribution of \$225.

Prof. Blakeslee, while looking sharply after the scholarship of his pupils, wisely gives them a proper measure of diversion. An excursion was lately made to Newport, which was as profitable as a day of hard study, and decidedly more enjoyable. He has provided a course of free lectures, the first of which was given by Professor Greenough, of the State Normal School, Sept. 23, on Michael Angelo.

Brother Conant has resumed his temperance work, holding a good meeting at Foster, Sept. 21, at which Dr. Talbot gave an address which caused the people to wish he would speak often on temperance.

Brother Clark is encouraged by an increasing interest at Westerly, and several have already sought Christ.

Brother Hyde has arranged for a course of lectures at Middletown, which one might safely adopt for any locality, and thus save the trouble of looking up lecturers. Brother Raymond opens the course Oct. 2, and will be followed by W. A. Wright, W. L. Phillips, J. W. Malcolm, E. F. Clark, J. W. Wright, J. O. Thompson, and Mrs. J. K. Barney.

Dr. Whedon is pushing the interests of our Church in Great Village, where he is in no small gain, to start with, to have our Presiding Elder live among us. The Doctor's familiarity with Methodism in the city, from five years' residence, is another gain. A union quarterly conference was held at Mathewson Street Church on the evening of Sept. 23, which was attended by over sixty Methodist laymen of Providence. This was voted a permanent institution among us. Measures were also taken looking to a better acquaintance of the officers of the Church and to an extension of our work in the city. Rev. Dr. Warren, of Boston University, was present, and made an address which was received with great favor.

At a meeting, Sept. 25, of the managers of the Home Missionary Society, urgent appeals were presented for help, and measures were taken to bring the necessities of the work before the preachers and Churches. If a collection were taken at once by each Church, something could be done the present Conference year to aid several hopeful new localities; and old ones are equally

needy. The Providence *Journal* reports the inability of the brethren at Ashland to sustain preaching, and one of our churches on Providence district is in danger of being sold for debt.

Brother Robert B. Hall, an excellent member of Trinity Church, died on the 23d ult., after a brief illness. He was a man much beloved by his brethren.

The death of Mrs. Rev. W. F. Farrington, at East Bridgewater, was a surprise to the most of her friends in Providence, few having learned of her serious illness. Much sympathy is felt for Brother F. by his friends at Trinity in his great sorrow.

##### NEW HAMPSHIRE.

The White Mountain Ministerial Association met, by adjournment, at Bethlehem, September 17, 1878. But few of the brethren expected were present, though special efforts were made to secure a large attendance. C. A. Cressy was appointed chairman pro tem, in the absence of the Presiding Elder, G. A. McLaughlin, who was appointed secretary. C. J. Fowler read an able and very interesting essay on the "Bible Doctrine of Conversion." C. A. Cressy read an essay on "Development of the Gifts of the Laity." These essays elicited considerable profitable discussion. On Tuesday evening, Rev. N. M. Bailey preached an interesting temperance sermon, on the "Relation of the Church to the Temperance Cause."

On Wednesday, at 9 A. M., the meeting opened, the Presiding Elder, Rev. J. W. Adams, in the chair. The singing was opened with prayer by Brother Bailey, after which Brother Granger presented an essay on the question: "Is the Nebula Hypothesis Consistent with Revelation?" S. P. Heath read an essay on the importance of strict integrity on the part of the ministry. These essays were discussed at considerable length. In the afternoon Brother Hardy read an essay on the "Present Demands for Church Discipline," and Brother J. W. Adams presented an essay on the "Second Coming of Christ."

It was voted to hold the next Ministerial Association at Whitefield, November 13 and 14. Brothers Adams and McLaughlin were appointed a committee to prepare the programme.

Wednesday evening, a sermon was preached in the M. E. Church by Rev. Mr. Hall, D. D., on the testimony of the Spirit concerning Christ, from 1st Tim. ii, 16. The sermon was one of deep interest and impressive eloquence.

On Thursday some of the preachers availed themselves of the opportunity to visit Mr. Washington, and had a most enjoyable time of it, the day being a unusually fine one and the weather delightful. Through the kindness of the railroad officials, a reduction of fare was made, thus enabling quite a company to enjoy the marvelous scenery of the grand old mountains.

Much credit is due Brother S. P. Heath, the pastor of the Church, for his efforts to make the occasion so richly profitable. Through his kindness, and the kindness of Rev. C. J. Fowler, teams were sent to Littleton to meet expected brethren, who were notified of the fact, but failed to appear. During the meeting cards were received from several, explaining their absence. The following resolution was adopted at the meeting:—

Resolved, that the brethren should consider it their duty to attend these ministerial gatherings, if possible, otherwise they should send word to that effect before the meeting.

Let there be a full attendance at the next meeting of the association.

##### CONCORD DISTRICT.

I desire to call the attention of the preachers on Concord district to the fact that now subscribers to ZION'S HERALD can have it from now till January 1, 1880 (three months), for the price of one year (\$2.50) and postage. Will you not make an immediate and thorough canvass in behalf of this oldest and best of our family Methodist newspapers? Do the people complain of the price? Show them the size and quality of it. The stale objection that it is a political sheet has passed away, if it ever had an existence. Our people will fall in love with the *HERALD* if we keep acquainted with it. Many of our weak charges are suffering for the want of an intelligent and helpful religious denominationalism. Methodist *esprit de corps*. They are profoundly ignorant of our Church. A paralysis seems to rest upon all our denominational interests before the preachers are often impatient. Too many feel exclusively upon cheap, stale, worldly trash until they become secular, indifferent and joyless. We need somehow to get more good Methodist literature into our families. The *HERALD* reading will be a great help to the preachers. Let us immediately, patiently and persistently institute and press a *HERALD* canvass.

**Items.**—Rev. H. B. Copp, who was taken suddenly and severely ill while on a recent visit to Londonderry, is recovering, and has now returned to his home in Lisbon.

A Congregational Church was organized in Lisbon, September 23th.

Rev. James Crowley reports that the Lord is reviving His work in Jefferson, and that his extra services are resulting in the salvation of souls.

The public and social meetings at Tilton are increasing in attendance and interest. Ex-Presiding Elder McAnn seems as much at home in the pastorate as he did upon the district.

Our Conference will congratulate Rev. J. D. Folson on the commendable zeal which he and his people at French Falls are making to wipe out their church debt. They will succeed.

The new and spacious vestries under the First Church, Concord, will be finished about November 10. The spire is climbing heavenward. May Pastor Scott and his large people have a spiritual building up to the same direction!

A revival atmosphere is gathering in upon Brother Wilkins and his people at Lacombe, J. W. A.

##### VERMONT.

**Chelsea West Hill.**—Our last quarterly meeting was a season of great interest. Eight were baptized, seven received into full membership in the Church, and one received on probation. The services were conducted by Brother Taylor, Presiding Elder. He is about to enter upon the full campaign by holding four days' meetings on several of the charges. Let us all, ministry and laity, on Montpelier district, seek the power of God, and work for an advance "all along the line."

In the report of our camp-meeting, I omitted to say that William Taylor was with us a few hours, God blessing his words to the good of many hearts.

J. WARREN.

The work at Georgia increases in power and blessing. Nearly, if not fully, two hundred persons have been seekers of salvation, including many who have been notable sinners, and many advanced in life—some as

old as seventy-five. Mrs. Hammond shows a remarkable adaptation to the work, is a woman of great faith, and the Lord wonderfully blesses her labors. "Signs and wonders" are done "in the name of Jesus."

The Seminary at Montpelier is in a most encouraging condition. It is quite remarkable that while there is a falling off at most schools for higher education in these hard times, there is a larger number at our Seminary than for several years. A gracious religious interest also prevails.

The work of the Lord at Newport and Coventry is prospering finely under the efficient direction of Brother O. D. Clapp. The new church at the latter place is approaching completion, and will soon be dedicated.

Prof. H. H. Bemis, son of our Brother J. W. Bemis, agent of the Vermont Bible Society, has been engaged to take charge of the musical department of the New Hampshire Conference Seminary at Tilton. Prof. Bemis is an alumnus of our Seminary. We have no doubt he will "fill the bill" in his new appointment. He has for seven years been located at Hartford, where he was organist and chorister in the church, and gave music lessons as well.

Brother S. Donaldson has been holding some extra meetings at South Franklin, but with what success we have not learned.

Brother Boutwell, of Northfield, also feels greatly encouraged in his work since the camp-meeting there. The social meetings are better attended, and a deep spiritual influence pervades them.

We learn by these things that we cannot begin to reckon on the benefit of a camp-meeting at its close. The work at Georgia looks bright and fresh with its new point and frescoed walls. New lamps and chairs of pulpits and altar are on the way from the city, and cushions for the seats are to be added soon. The improvements thus far have cost \$400. The ladies' society has provided the funds. Hon. A. Swales, of St. Albans, presented the chairs.

The church at Swanton was re-dedicated to God in connection with the quarterly meeting last Saturday. The Presiding Elder, Brother P. N. Granger, preached an earnest and practical sermon, after which the pastor, Brother W. H. Hyde, led in part the dedicatory service of the ritual. The church looks bright and fresh with its new point and frescoed walls. New lamps and chairs of pulpits and altar are on the way from the city, and cushions for the seats are to be added soon. The improvements thus far have cost \$400. The ladies' society has provided the funds. Hon. A. Swales, of St. Albans, presented the chairs.

A correspondent sends the following welcome item: "At Marshfield Brother G. H. Hastings is seeing the consummation of his self-sacrificing endeavor in the completion of a most costly and convenient church, which will soon be ready for dedication. This structure is a striking example of what may be achieved by devotion, economy, and a good architect in church-building. It is spacious, artistic, beautiful; and yet its total cost, when completed, will not exceed two thousand dollars."

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## The Family.

## COME.

A VISION OF SHOOTING STARS.

BY REV. H. A. VAN DALSEN.

In a dream, I walked in a land unknown,  
Like an angel realm with the angels flown  
Where eddying vapors furled;  
Through its hush there fluttered a fonder breeze

Than the fairy breath of the lapsing seas  
That sing to our weary world.

'Twas a lone, sweet time, like a time of rest,  
And the wild bird, poised on its downy nest,  
Was never so fair to bide;  
Nor the loitering hours of a night in June,  
When the dewdrop winks at the peeping moon

And motherly lilies chide.

In my dream I gazed on the azure height,  
Where the shooting star in its fading flight  
Grew pale in the distant air;  
Where the galaxy swept its milky train,  
And the comet, tossing its mighty mane,  
Went, like a comet, down to its hair.

Then a gliding orb like a rainbow shone  
Till it stood afar in the vault alone;  
But, swifter than eagles fly,  
From the host another—and others still—  
Till my breath was caught in a wonder-thrill

At seeing them glimmer by.  
But the last one passed like a beam of dawn,  
And I turned to see whether these had gone.

When lo! in a glory rare,  
Stood the one word, "Come," on the night's blue bars,  
As if God had taken a pen of stars  
And written it on the air!

'Twas a sign bequeathed to my passing years;  
And the spell that hung in those gleaming spheres  
The depth of my being stirred,  
Like the healing breath of a saintly prayer,  
When it lifts on high, from the vale of care,

A psalm in a single word.

And the boon I found in that angel land,  
I would bring to you, in a friendly hand,  
To sweeten your day's decline;  
For it calms my heart in its wildest whirl,  
When I think how bright on the gates of pearl

The stars of my vision shine.

## JOURNAL IN A SUMMER HAVEN.

[Concluded.]

Aug. 27th. — We took our morning drive far up the bordering country of

Shark River, through wood and dale, among well-cultivated farms, till we came to a small settlement whose name was unknown to us. Selecting one of the several diverging roads which seemed to lead nowhere in particular, we came upon a very old looking house, which wore such an aspect of dignified serenity as to create a desire to penetrate its mystery. Manuel had no sooner drawn up at the gate than the horse betrayed an unusual home feeling, by beginning at once to lurch off the low-hanging branches of the trees. I had scarcely left the carriage before I saw an old lady coming forth to meet us. Then and afterwards her face appeared to me one of the most charming I had seen. Though more than three score and ten years, she had the grace and animation of a young person.

Manuel informed her that we wished to call upon them, if agreeable.

"Oh yes, sir," she returned, bowing and smiling as she unlatched the gate; "but I cannot say as I remember you. Where have I met you before?"

"We are strangers. You have never seen us until now."

"You are very welcome," she said as she led the way into the house. There was but one room besides the little entry, on the ground floor, the kitchen being in a smaller house a little way removed, as is often the manner of building in these parts. There sat an old gentleman, with a disabled look, but wearing the same air of culture and intelligence as the lady. The opening courtesies soon brought out that these aged people had emigrated to this home, more than thirty years ago, from a Connecticut town. He had been a school-teacher for over forty consecutive years, and now, in his eighty-fourth year, he sat an invalid, waiting for the good angel of death to take him down to that river whence he would come out a new man. Here in the mossy, gray house, under the trees, they had dwelt together in the exalted, blessed faith which moved the poet to sing—

"Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,  
From strife and tumult far;  
From scenes where Satan wages still  
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made  
For those who follow Thee."

Desirous of more definitely ascertaining where we were, a question or two soon revealed that they were Methodists, often foretime going to meeting at Ocean Grove.

"Yes," she iterated in her lively, interesting way, "we are Methodists—as they were, in every point of belief. The modern Church is not like that in Mr. Wesley's time."

"How so, if you please?"

"In several particulars of practice (nodding her head, while a meaning smile beamed in her bright eye) and in doctrine they are changed. Wesley and Fletcher believed in the personal appearance of Christ a second time on earth. All the Methodists of those days believed that, and they were taught to look for His appearing. Mr. Wesley left his opinion that Christ might come in the year 1835."

"You are an Adventist?" I said.

"I am a Methodist now, as I have been all my life; I look for our Lord's second life on the earth, but I never thought that the time could be fore-

told. I pray 'Thy kingdom come,' in faith that it will come, and there are signs in the past and present that show that the blessed appearing is not far off. Many run to and fro. I think of that when I go over to Ocean Grove."

Manuel contributed to her faith, by informing her that ninety excursion cars had stopped there yesterday, besides the twenty-six daily trains.

"And 'perilous times have come,'" she continued, supporting her views with clear quotations from various sources. A detour of talk at length brought us to a discussion upon communism.

"Labor has no chance against capital," said the old gentleman.

"We are next to have an empire, it so appears to me," said his wife.

"Grant is now in communication with the crowned heads of Europe. They favor his plans, and are looking confidently for an end of this Republic."

"General Grant might make a good perilous time for us in the approaching perilous times," said Manuel.

"Yes," she quickly returned, "they would lead into trouble sometimes are best fitted to find the way out" (nodding graciously).

I thought it was about time to change the subject, so I said: "Did you ever read the newspaper called Zion's Herald?"

"O yes! We girls used to take that paper when it was first published. I have some of those numbers upstairs now, I believe. I always liked it."

The "touch of nature which makes the whole world kin" had revealed a relation. Here, away up Shark River, in New Bedford, in the old, old house where crickets sing in every room, and katydids pipe in the night-dews under the trees, I had not only found the Lord, but my favorite newspaper.

"I have written a great deal in my time," said the old lady.

"For the newspapers?" we inquired.

"Not so much for the papers themselves as for those who write for them; but there are not so many spiritual things to be heard or read now-a-days as there used to be."

"How is that?"

"Many Christians, in old time, when I was young, lived so near to God that they seemed to do everything according to the leadings of His hand."

Upon my expressing a desire to have her illustrate her ideas more fully, she said: "I'll give you one story. I could tell a great many, but this one comes now to my mind, and I'll be as brief as I can. There was a girl I used to know near where we lived, who was very prayerful and conscientious. Her father was dead, and she with her widowed mother had to earn their living. So she went out to a tailor's and learned that trade. After a time she got a little worldly, and was afraid she had lost her evidences; so she left her boarding-place and hired a room where she boarded herself. Some of the pious neighbors used to help her along a little, and she tried to do everything as God told her. One day she was at work tailoring for Mrs. Penningman, and that lady told her this: 'Hattie,' says she, 'Mr. Penningman has been making his will, and he has willed you a thousand dollars. He is going to give it to you now, for he says he thinks you need it more than you will after he is dead.' So Hattie received the thousand dollars just as though it had come from God, and she asked Him what He wanted her to do with it. Finally, she made up her mind to give it all away to benevolent objects; 'for,' said she, 'God has always taken care of me, and I believe He always will.' But when her mother heard of it, she felt very unbecomingly to what Hattie had done. She told her she thought it might better have been given to her. She said she was a poor widow and her own mother, and she thought she had done very wrong. Then Hattie went to the Lord in good earnest, and she began to doubt herself, whether she had done right with the thousand dollars. It wasn't long after this," continued the old lady with a victorious sunshine on her face, "before Deacon Thayer came and offered to marry her. The good man was a Baptist, and worth two hundred thousand dollars. Hattie married him and stopped thinking about her thousand dollars."

"But I haven't quite finished my story yet," renewed our hostess as we were expressing our gratification.

"Mr. Penningman's wife having died, he married the second time, and the last wife had two sons who were pretty gamely. They spent all the money they could get, and after their mother died, it soon came round that the property was all gone. These boys began to talk about putting Mr. Penningman into the poor-house! Deacon Thayer had no sooner heard of this, than he came down and took Mr. Penningman home with him and told him to stay there as long as he lived. When Deacon Thayer died, which was a little while after Hattie's death, they found it in his will that Mr. Penningman should have a comfortable support out of his property the remainder of his life."

The old lady went on to tell how they had been to camp-meeting with Deacon Thayer and his wife, and how they had been led by the Spirit of the Lord together.

"There was Nicholas Haggood," now spoke up the old man with a gentle fervor that seemed characteristic of his nature, or perhaps it was the ripe result of his long apprenticeship as a teacher; "he was a local preacher who lived a little ways from my house, and one time he had a powerful impression that he ought to go to Mr. Balcorn's and talk with him about the salvation of his soul. He was another neighbor of ours who had a large shop and employed a good many hands. Nicholas went down that night to Mr. Balcorn's house, and when he got to the door-step, he began to draw back, thinking it was improper for him to go in and talk that way to such a man. His wife was a high-spirited woman; she would be in the sitting-room, and he couldn't talk before her, and all the people would be in the kitchen. No! he drew back and asked the Lord to excuse him. The next morning, I took a notion to go to Mr. Balcorn's shop, and the first thing he said to me was, 'Such a night as I have had! All the folks were gone, and I walked the kitchen floor, hour after hour, under concern for my soul. What would I have given if anybody had come in that would have told me what to do!' You see," concluded the old man, "that Nicholas Haggood didn't get anything by excusing himself from going when the Lord sent him."

"What became of Mr. Balcorn?"

"Oh! he experienced religion and was a very useful man in the Church. A great revival broke out directly after that."

I expect that the old gentleman was too modest to say that, not having been disobedient to the heavenly vision, he was instrumental in bringing peace to his neighbor's awakened soul.

As the dear souls were telling us these good things, the low, smoke-browned room took on a radiance from heaven. And when we all bowed in prayer, while the aged pilgrim prayed, my heart broke. Mightily, as one before the throne who felt the power of the seven lamps shining in upon his soul, he pleaded with God, till the lines of that good old hymn my grandpa used to sing filled my soul to the brim with joyful tears:—

"The angel of the Lord came down,  
And glory shone around."

"If I were a minister," I said to Manuel as we drove away from that home, "how I should love to make calls among the people!"

"Better than to read the books which Harlex brings from the city?"

"What are Matthew Arnold's essays and the Contemporary Review to this?"

P. S. I had purposed copying from my Journal an account of our visit to the home of Hardecantue, where I saw the very beautiful in which his mother used to keep her best china—those quaint old cream-jugs and cups with their queer figures; though I confess to having been less attracted by the pottery than the very old books which were taken down from the shelf. I found one of them was a volume of sermons by Jonathan Edwards, George Whitefield, and two or three other names of less note, of the date of 1732 and '35. It was so dormant and musty that the worms crawled swiftly among the leaves as I turned along, reminding me of opening a century-old coffin.

Bishop Harris said, the other day, at Ocean Grove, that the very garments of a holy person would savor of Paradise. The ancient volume smelled much like the doctrine thereof, which seemed to be composed of discussions about devils, damnation and hell. I liked it as a salutary change from the rose-water eulogies of these "perilous times."

Also, our drive down to Sea Girt, where we saw, not only the new and elegant hotels, but the more inland and celebrated farm of the late Commodore Stockton, its hundreds of acres of richly-cultivated fields, its choice herds standing in the still water up to their knees among the lilies, like a beautiful picture, while the back-ground woods, with their peculiar undergrowth, suggested big serpents and untamed cats with short tails—this, and much more I would copy, but the harvest is past, the summer is ended, and it is time to close the book.

Before looking the clasp, I must try to answer some Eastern correspondent who desires to know what "Mrs. Sally Brown" said. I had designed to slip by that second visit, deeming silence, in this case, the better part of valor. It turned out that she was the woman whom I first saw. She has lost her mind so far as not to know herself from another. It must be a superior kind of dotage, however, that berates one's self instead of other people, especially when it is not in a meeting. I tried to call home her weak, wandering thoughts by asking her about the associates of her youth. But she chiefly remembered that the Presiding Elder used to come in briskly and say, "Sally, have you got anything good for supper?" So we see fresh proof of the wisdom of the philosopher, who wrote: "The evil that man does often lives after him, while the good is interred with his bones."

Ocean Beach, N. J.

## DID HE KNOW?

BY ELEANOR KIRK.

The dog, in the opinion of many close and really scientific observers, stands first among the whole brute creation in intelligence, or rather in that department of intelligence which comes under the head of association of ideas.

We know that a well-born puppy—that is, a dog coming from good stock—can be taught many wonderful tricks, most of which, however, can be performed automatically, or without any process of reasoning. In occasional instances we are forced into the belief that there must be a clear intellectual comprehension of the ideas under consideration; at any rate, something more intellectual than instinct as commonly interpreted.

In the following instance, vouched for by a gentleman of unimpeachable integrity, did the dog know what he was doing, or was he simply following out an "imitative instinct?" This dog was of the purest Newfoundland extraction, and exceedingly faithful and affectionate. It so happened that the house where this gentleman lived was occasionally visited by a woman whom the host suspected of dishonesty. One day she entered when he was all ready for a fishing excursion, and was about to leave the house with his pocket-book, containing considerable money, lying loose upon the library table. Hastily bethinking himself, he returned to the apartment, and seizing the purse, threw it to the dog, saying, "Take care of that, Carlo!" and walked out of the house.

A few days afterwards, the same woman called, and as it happened, the same pocket-book was lying in the same place. As she entered the library, Carlo rose from his rug, walked with great dignity to the table, picked up the treasure, and deliberately approached her with it between his teeth. Then he gave a low, ominous growl, and stretched himself before her, never once taking his eyes from her face; nor could she move that he did not follow her step by step.

Now, did this dog perfectly understand the case, and if he did, was it by a process of reasoning?

## THE MATRON YEAR.

The leaves that made our forest pathway shady  
Begin to rustle down upon the breeze;  
The year is fading like a stately lady  
Who lays aside her youthful vanities;  
Yet while the memory of her beauty lingers,  
So, Autumn comes, to paint with frosty fingers  
Some leaves with hues of crimson and of gold.

The matron's voice filled all the hills and valleys  
With full-toned music, when the leaves were young.  
While now, in forest dells and garden alleys  
A chirping reedy song at eve is sung;  
Yet sometimes, too, when sunlight glides the morning,  
A carol borne from some half-naked tree,  
As if, her slow but sure decadence scouring,  
She woke again with olden melody.

With odorous May-buds, sweet as youthful pleasures,  
She made her beauty bright and debonair;  
But now, she had earth yields no floral treasures,  
And twines no roses for the matron's hair.

Still can she not all her days thus surrender;  
Right regal is her lovely even now;  
Gold, purple, green, inwrought with every splendor,  
And clustering grapes in garlands on her brow!

In June, she brought us tufts of fragrant Effe  
With the wild bee's cheery monotone.  
And, when the earliest bloom was past and over,  
Offered us sweeter scents from fields new-mown:

Now, upland orchards yield, with pattering rain,  
Their red-checked bounty to the groaning wain,  
And heavy-laden racks go creeping after,  
Filled high with sheaves of golden-bearded grain.

Ere long, when love and life are ebbing,  
And festal bells shine on every wall,  
Her knell shall be the New Year bells out-steadily.

The drifted snow, her stainless burial-pail;  
She fades and falls, but proudly and sedately.  
This matron year, who has such large-given,  
Her brow still tranquil, and her presence stately.

As one who, losing earth, holds fast to heaven.  
—National Repository.

## ALONE.

BY MRS. R. H. WOOD.

This word is pregnant with meaning. We see our last friend leave our room and hurry out into the darkness; we gaze into the streets and see the moving shadows and hear the distant foot-falls going farther and farther away; and instinctively we turn our eyes upward and ask the stars for companionship; but their soft twinkling light writes in the vaulted blue, "Alone!"

We drop our curtain and turn towards our grate which glows and crackles, trying in vain to convince ourselves that we are not alone. As we gaze into its lurid light, and watch the shadows as they come and go, we almost believe that in them we see subtle forms that clothe an intelligence.

We speak—and listen; then comes to us again the ever-recurring word, "Alone!" We hear it whispered in every breeze; every rippling stream murmurs to its music, and even amid the clamor of voices mingling with the cadences of distant song, the word reverberates along the corridors of our brain, accumulating strength and meaning.

That we shudder is not that we no longer see the form, or hear the voice of our friend. Ah, no! It is that we feel the presence of invisible spirits, who, ascending and descending those mystic steps between earth and heaven, come with sweet influence and gentle promptings, to raise the soul to

higher hope and firmer faith. Alone? It cannot be! For He is ever present. Would we fly from this Presence, and drown in the bustle of life the thought of the unseen yet all-seeing Eye? Would we evade the searchings of the unseen Hand that reveals our inner life?

"In vain on wings of morn we soar,  
In vain the realms of space explore,  
In vain retreat to shades of night,  
For what can veil us from His sight?"

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

## THE SPIRIT RETURNED.

THIRD PAPER.

During a part of the winter after the events recorded in our last article, Henry B. attended school in W. That neighborhood, the autumn preceding, had been the scene of an extensive revival of religion, and great numbers had been hopelessly converted. Many youth, between the ages of nine and fifteen, had publicly professed their love to the Saviour. Four of these were brothers and sisters from one family.

Never was there a more delightful scene than the school in W. presented that winter. Religion had diffused its softening, hallowed influence among many of its members. The most entire order and harmony prevailed. When the Scriptures were read, it was as if we heard the voice of the Almighty. Oh, what a solemnity reigned in that little sanctuary—for it seemed like "none other than the house of God and the gate of heaven"—when the teacher, Henry's own elder brother, offered the morning and evening prayer! And what a spectacle did that place of prayer present during the intermission seasons! It was not the scene of loud and boisterous mirth witnessed in such places. Oh, no! There was seen a lovely band; and there, in sweetest harmony, were heard their youthful songs of praise and the voice of prayer.

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